PIOCHE WEEKLY RECORD.

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LITTLE MISTRESS SANS-MERCI.

Little Mistress Sans-Merci
Trotteth worldwide, fancy free;
Trotteth cooing to and fro,
And her cooing is command—
Never ruled there yet, I trow,
Mightier monarch in the land,
And my heart it lieth where
Mistress Sans-Merci doth fare.

Little Mistress Sans-Merci—
She hath made a slave of me!
"Go!" she biddeth, and I go—
"Come!" and I am fain to come.
Never mercy doth she show,
Be she wroth or frolicsome.
Yet am I content to be
Slave to Mistress Sans-Merci!

Little Mistress Sans-Merci,
She hath grown so dear to me
That I count as passing sweet
All the pain her moods impart,
And I bless the little feet
That go trampling on my heart;
Ah, how lonely life would be
But for little Sans-Merci!

Little Mistress Sans-Merci,
Cuddle close this night to me,
And that heart, which all day long
Ruthless thou hath trod upon,
Shall outpour a soothing song
For its best beloved one—
And its tenderness for thee,
Little Mistress Sans-Merci!
—Eugene Field in Ladies' Home Journal.

Couldn't Deceive the Officer.

He was a dapper little well dressed fellow, but he seemed to be a trifle bewildered. He stopped at the edge of the sidewalk in the middle of the block and signaled the first street car that came along. The driver motioned to him to go to the corner, but he didn't move. He looked blankly after the car as it went by, and when the next one came along he stepped out into the street and signaled that.

"Can't stop in the middle of the block. Go to the corner!" shouted the driver.

The dapper little fellow looked provoked and made some wild gesticulations when the third car went by.

Then a policeman who had been watching the young man stepped up and invited him to "Come along."

"Please, sir, for—for what?" asked the young man.

"Oh, that's all right," replied the officer. "You know well enough. I suppose you thought it was smart to go runnin round in men's clothes, but it's against the law."

The youth hesitated a moment and then asked:

"What makes you think I'm a girl?"

"I don't think. I know," was the reply.

"Don't I look like a boy?"

"Oh, yes; the way you're togged up you look enough like one to fool a fellow, an the next time if you don't try to stop a street car in the middle of the block maybe you won't get caught. That's a give away."

She begged off.—Detroit Free Press.

When Jay Gould Lost a Horse.

Jay Gould's father always liked Jay better than any other man in the village did, according to a man who knew the family. One day up at the farm Jay's father told him not to take out a colt which was in the barn. Jay thought that colt was aching for a drive, and so, notwithstanding the order of his father, just hitched up the colt. As a result the animal ran away and smashed things generally. The colt was about ruined, and young Jay did not dare to go home.

"Jay came over to my house," said his old benefactor, "and got me to go over and break the news to his father. The old man stormed around like mad and finally said:

"'Let the devilish young cub come here if he dares. I know what I'll do. I'll take his horse for the colt.'

"The storm blew over and Jay went back. The old man appropriated Jay's horse, for he was a man of his word."—New York World.

Lemon Juice.

The very best acid for the system is lemon juice, but it should not be taken in its natural state, as it is too strong for the stomach. A good way to prepare lemons for instant use is as follows: Get two dozen lemons and roll each one separately on a smooth, hard surface until it is quite soft; then cut off the end and with a dull knife scrape out all the juice and pulp. Strain this carefully through a thin cloth; then make the juice almost thick with sugar, bottle in glass, using a cork stopper, and stand in a cool place. It will keep a long time, and to make a glass of fresh lemonade you have only to put in a tumbler of cold water enough of the sugared acid to suit your taste. You might do this when lemons are cheap, and then when lemons are scarce and high in price you will not be deprived of your favorite beverage because it costs too much to indulge. —Washington Star.

Punctuality at Dinner.

Among the usages of good society dinner is the one form of entertainment where punctuality should be strictly recognized. To be late is a grievous error. To arrive too early is in many instances embarrassing. Five minutes before the time appointed is a rigid necessity. An invited guest should observe these rules, and his so doing is a good index to his social standing.

Avoid conversations that refer to domestic affairs, headaches, toothaches, children's diseases, tragedies, accidents and personalities of all kinds. A constant complaining of family disasters is not only distressing, but an upheaval of physical woes and household calamities is an annoyance that under the best of circumstances it is too generous to bear.—Good Housekeeping.

Race Horse and Island.

A New York lawyer explaining his rapid increase in wealth as in reputation said it was due to the tomfoolery of people. "For example, a client of mine had a race horse that he swapped for an island in the sound. The race horse went wrong, and the other man brought suit to recover damages. This made my client angry, and he brought suit for misrepresentation of property. The opposing lawyer was a friend of mine. Each had two suits, and we fought them tooth and tail. Now he owns the race horse and I own the island in the sound."—New York Sun.

Declining Whale Fisheries.

The whale fishery has declined rapidly since 1854, when the United States had 602 ships and barks, 28 brigs and 38 schooners in it, with a total tonnage of 208,399. At present its tonnage is insignificant, certainly not a tenth of what it then was. England is entirely out of the business. When the latest accounts were rendered she had but three ships in the trade. Holland had 200 large vessels and 14,000 sailors in the trade in 1860; now she has neither boat nor sailor in the business.—Fall River Herald.

Taine and His Pet Cats.

Like many a celebrated author, Taine, the French critic and historian, has a special fondness for cats. He has even composed half a dozen sonnets to his favorite feline pets. One familiar with his household says that he may frequently be seen on winter evenings sitting on the floor with a cat in his arms, or again on his knees before an easy chair, talking nonsense to one of his pets asleep there.—Our Animal Friends.

How dentists and dressmakers escape becoming irreclaimable skeptics as to the courage of men and amiability of women is a mystery indeed.

TO TILLERS OF THE SOIL

Hints That May Prove of Benefit to Our Neighbors.

Articles of Undoubted Worth to the Farmer, Collected From Reliable Sources.

ESSAY ON TURKEY CULTURE.

The first requisite to successful turkey growing is carefully selected stock for parent birds. Selections of the best, for years, have produced the most improved and profitable breeds of stock. The future stock depends very much upon the parent birds or their ancestry. Repeated breeding from inferior birds makes inferiority hereditary.

After having faithfully tried the White, the Wild Black and the Mammoth Bronze turkeys I prefer the latter for several reasons. They have proven hardier than the White, are equally strong, more gentle and more easily handled than the Black, less apt to roam far away and with proper care are ready for market at an earlier age than either of the other varieties and I believe are less liable to disease. After complying with the first condition and having secured large, strong parent turkeys, at least one year old, see that they are in the right condition for breeding.

BREEDING FOWLS

should not be over-fat, as the offspring of such fowls are less vigorous. If the hens are young, late hatched, they require more food at breeding time, as they are still growing and immature. If hens are old they should have millet and clover, where it can be grown, and less carbonaceous food in the latter part of the season. Too much corn will produce over-fat turkeys unless they have abundant exercise in insect hunting and plenty of green food.

When the laying season begins, usually in March, a watchful lookout for the eggs must be kept. It is natural for all turkeys to hide the nest, but petting will do much toward keeping them near the house. Each egg should be labeled and placed small end down on cotton or some soft material and kept in a dry, cool, dark place. If not used at once they should be turned occasionally to prevent settling or adhering to the shell. As the eggs are removed daily from the nest it is better to return a hen's egg until there are five or six in the nest, as a turkey is suspicious and easily discomfited. My turkeys lay entirely in the grove near the house and arrange their nests with skill themselves, my only task being to protect them from natural wild enemies. The nest should always be dry and large, and on the ground if possible.

Fifteen eggs are sufficient for a large hen and if small 13 will give better results. Four weeks and often 30 days are required to hatch the eggs. This makes a long period of rest for active Mrs. Turkey, yet she must be compelled to do her work faithfully, consequently should have easy access to an abundance of food and pure water, that she may not be forced to remain too long a time off the nest to procure food, thus allowing the eggs to chill.

CARE OF THE YOUNG.

About the 27th day I throw a hard-boiled egg mashed very fine close to the nest, not into, lest it adhere to an egg, rendering the egg air-tight exactly over the beak of the young turkey, which would prevent his escape from the shell. The mother turkey may eat this egg and the one given the following day or two if it is not needed for her young, but in case she is hatching she will use it for the little ones and this food will often save the first hatched birds. I have had the mother turkey refuse to leave the nest for three days after the first eggs hatched. If she leaves too soon the remaining eggs may be placed under hens or hatched by wrapping in wool and keeping warm near the fire. Should an egg become broken in the nest the soiled eggs should be carefully washed immediately in warm but not hot water dried and returned at once to the nest. The trying time in a turkey's life is the first week when they require constant watching, then great care until they are eight weeks old or until the quill feathers are well started. The producing of these feathers seem to weaken the fowl, and exhausts the system and therefore they need especial treatment to counteract this difficulty.

For the first week the mother and young must have a warm place, free from drafts of air, free from dampness and where they will be undisturbed by other fowls.

THE FIRST THREE WEEKS

the food should consist of sweet milk, fresh from the cow is best, very hard boiled eggs and fine wheat, bread crumbs for the little ones, wheat, corn and fresh water for the mother.

Feed the mother first and she will not take much of the egg and bread, which is more expensive. During this time if the weather be warm and sunshiny let the mother out during the middle of the day, keeping her near the coop, taking care to shut her in before sunset, as the dew is harmful to the young turks. During the first week the little ones are apt to get onto their backs, from which position they cannot rise and will die if allowed to thus lie for any length of time. Care must be taken not to place the pens near the hills of the small red or black ants, as these are enemies to young turkeys.

They not only attack the head and kill the turkey, but if eaten will almost instantly choke them to death. At

THE FOURTH WEEK

the food may consist of oatmeal, sour milk curd in small quantities, cracked wheat and scraps from the table, taking care that the scraps contain nothing salt. Salt, salt meat, brine or salt fish will kill them. After the eighth week give mother and brood their freedom. Feed only in the morning, and this is not needful if they have access to grain fields.

If a turkey becomes sick it should be isolated at once from the others to prevent spread of the disease. Land over which diseased fowls wander will be contaminated and infect other flocks. Turkeys require plenty of pure water and must not be allowed to drink from stagnant pools, as this may produce bowel troubles. It is useless to doctor a very sick turkey—better to kill and bury deep at once. Prevention is better than cure and if the following dose is given fortnightly or even monthly throughout the year to either turkeys or chickens there will be little necessity for cholera cure: 2 oz cayenne pepper, 2 oz sulphur, 2 oz alum and 2 oz copperas. Mix all together and add two tablespoonfuls to 8 quarts of corn meal and wet the mixture with sweet milk or warm water. This will feed 40 fowls.

One may profitably practice giving two broods of young turkeys to one mother when hatched at the same time, as one turkey can hover from 22 to 30 little ones during the critical period in their lives, after which they do not need much hovering. The other mother after being closely confined, out of sight and hearing of the little ones, for one week will quickly mate and lay again. This is very practical and desirable when the first broods are hatched in May or earlier, as the second hatchings are often the best, only a little later ready for market. —*Mica.*

HATCHING CHICKS WITH HENS.

For the market poultry man and the breeder who yearly raises from 500 to 1,000 chickens, incubators and brooders are indispensable equipments to the poultry plant. By the use of the incubator he is enabled to market broilers when the market is strongest and prices high, and secure early fall-laying pullets which always command good prices. There are hundreds of good machines on the market, which are offered at reasonable prices, and if one is raising chickens on a large scale, and will make a study of their machine and run it intelligently, it will certainly be found to be a profitable investment. To those who raise 100 or 200 chicks each season, I would not advise the purchase of a machine. As a rule they do not use it enough to become thoroughly posted on its different workings. Of course, some may have different success with an incubator where it is only used for one or two hatches each season, but I find that there are a great many more people who buy incubators than who use them, or continue to use them.

For hatching chicks on a limited scale, a good broody hen is about as cheap and reliable an incubator as you can find. But even when hatching in this manner a certain amount of care and watchfulness is required. When the hens are set here, there and everywhere, but nowhere in particular, and are allowed to get off and on their nests whenever it suits them, and where the laying hens are allowed to lay in the same nests with the sitting hens, just so long will we hear of what is called "poor luck" and disappointments. For my sitting hens I have a large enclosure made of lath, and when a hen becomes broody she is moved to this hatching pen. I move broody hens that are the least bit timid at night, as I find they stick to the nest better than when moved in daylight. A good nest box is made of an old oil case cut 14 inches wide, with both ends in and the top and one side knocked out. Hollow out a little place in the ground and place your box over it; this leaves one end open for the hen to go in and out of her nest. Fill the nest with fine straw and you are ready for your hen and eggs. I put a small board in front of the nest boxes to keep the hens on their own nests. At evening they are let off to feed, water and dust for half an hour or so, when they are again closed on their nests. Treated in this manner, there is seldom an egg broken in hatching, and the whole lot can be fed and cared for in a few minutes, and you are not in doubt as to whether there are two hens in one nest and none on another. Then, again, it is much easier to keep them free from vermin when managed this way. If you want your hen houses a breeding place for mites and lice, just sit half a dozen hens there in warm weather and you will soon be more than satisfied, while the laying hens will show their appreciation of your kind consideration by quietly going on a strike.—*G. W. Tiyhe, in Rural Californian.*

PROFITABLE APPLE ORCHARDS.

It is much better to have a few varieties of apples of a select assortment to cover the season with a sufficient supply than to have too many. It is not a difficult problem to know how to plant and produce enough seedlings for an orchard which any farmer may graft from the scions of the best to be found. In this way the risks may be avoided of getting trees not as represented. A correspondent of the *American Cultivator* says: In order to make a success of raising apples for profit it is first essential that the right varieties of trees should be selected. In selecting these consideration must be paid to the nature of the soil and climate and also to the market demand for the various kinds. As a rule many parts of the country are only adapted to a comparatively few varieties. These should be ascertained, and then out of the list the few varieties be selected that are in special demand at the highest market rates year after year. So many beginners fail to take these facts into consideration that their orchards are often failures from a financial point of view.

With orcharding as a special work, the grower should raise his own stocks and grafts. There will be continual need of new trees to take the place of some of those that have died or are getting old. While many nurserymen can be depended upon it is better to grow the trees from the beginning. In this way one learns the needs of the different varieties, and is able to give them just what they require. A small nursery field should be attached to the orchard, and this should be kept full of new varieties. As these small trees can be grown close together they will take up comparatively little room. Many new varieties of apples need testing on the soil to see if they do well, and often these turn out so poorly that the whole orchard must be destroyed. If one has a good nursery of stocks it is an easy matter to transplant them to the fields. Experience in apple raising will convince one what varieties will pay the best. It is seldom possible to say beforehand which one will do this. Greenings in some portions of the country are as profitable as any apple but the Baldwin and King apples generally bring the most per barrel in city markets. The King apple is one that is in special demand in cold weather, and the markets are seldom crowded with them. While prices for other varieties may be slow the Kings are generally firm. They have held their own for the last few years very successfully. They do not produce as much per tree as other apples, but with a little better culture and superior methods of protection against the ravages of insects and disease, the trees may be made to equal either the Baldwin or Greening in production.

THE POULTRY BUSINESS.

Experience is everything in the poultry business and no one should start on a large scale without some knowledge of the cares and wants of the fowls. There is money in poultry when conducted on business principles, and this is the only way that poultry should be kept. The best way to start is to begin small, and as experience increases add to the flocks as the occasion demands. A large capital should never be invested without experience to work on. When starting, secure a good breed of fowls to suit your purpose. If you intend to keep poultry for eggs, the best breeds are the Leghorns, Houdans, Hamburgs and Black Spanish. The Plymouth Rocks and Wyandotts make excellent fowls for the table, besides being first-class layers. The last named breeds are perhaps the most advantageous for beginners as well as the most profitable for the practical breeder. They possess many fine qualities that no other two breeds can equal, being of medium size, easy to raise in confinement when desired, and are excellent to raise for chicks.—*New York Homestead.*

PICKINGS FROM THE YARDS.

Paying good prices for choice thoroughbred poultry and then giving them scrub attention has disgusted many a man with the poultry business.

A flock of uniform poultry on the farm attracts the passer-by, as does a herd of fine bred cattle. A flock of pure-bred poultry is also as much more profitable proportionately over a lot of scrubs as is the herd of thoroughbred cattle.

Kansas is paying great attention to the poultry industry. Indications are that one of the largest poultry exhibitions ever in the Missouri river valley will be held in Kansas in 1895. A number of new, practical, and interesting features will be inaugurated.

Shipping eggs from Victoria to England has led to the invention of a new method of preservation. The eggs are first rubbed with grease and then placed with bran, flour, lime and pollard in small cases. When opened they are said to be perfectly sweet and fresh. Thus, on another point Australia becomes a competitor of the United States.

George Q. Dow of North Epping, New Hampshire, writes to the *Rural Californian* that he contemplates moving to this country to embark in the fruit growing and poultry business. Mr. Dow is known far and wide for the success he has attained with capons and also with fruits in a cold country. We can assure him of a warm welcome at the hands of our fanciers and at the same time of a good opening in supplying this market with capons.

Getting a Pointer.

A long legged young countryman, with his trousers three inches from his boots, and his boots three miles from a shine, passed into the office where marriage licenses are kept on tap, with a basket on his arm.

"Good mornin," he said to the clerk, "can I git a marriage license here?"

"This is the place," replied the clerk.

"Well, I've got six dozen eggs in this here basket. I don't know nothin about the price of eggs ner marriage licenses, but I'm willin to put up the eggs fer the license, sight unseen."

"Can't do it," said the clerk. "We are not in the business of trading marriage licenses for eggs."

"What's one wuth?" asked the youth.

"A dollar."

"What's eggs wuth?"

"Seventeen cents a dozen. Why don't you go and sell your eggs and come back here with the money?"

The egg vender picked up a pen and a piece of paper and began figuring.

"By cracky!" he said after a minute or two, "that's what I'll do. Them eggs is wuth $1.02, and I'll have enough left after payin fer the license to git a postage stamp and write to Susan to let her know the weddin needn't be pos'poned owin to circumstances over which I hadn't no control," and he hurried buoyantly out of the office, with the eggs fairly jingling in the basket.—Detroit Free Press.

Not Yet Ready to Croak.

Motherly Frog—Child, you don't seem well to-day.

Tadpole—That's getting to be an old tale with me, mother, but I'll soon be on my feet.—Chicago Record.

Has Its Uses.

He—There's no place like home, after all.

She—Then you do appreciate your home?

He—Of course I do. That's where I keep my slippers and dressing gown.

Irate German (to stranger who has stepped on his toe)—Mine frent, I know mine feet vas meant to be valked on, but dot brivilege pelongs to me.

Jonathan Hulls in 1736 made a small steamboat. It failed to work, but had all the germs of Fulton's later invention.

The best woman has always somewhat of a man's strength; the noblest man, a woman's gentleness.—Graik.

HE FINDS LOST ARTICLES.

A Man Who Makes a Good Living Picking up Things.

He Calls It a Profession, and His Explanation Makes It Look Like One.—How He Works.

"Did you notice that fellow pick up that half dollar?" asked the writer of a special officer on the upper Rialto of Broadway, where most actors do congregate.

"Well, yes," said the officer, "and that's his business."

Three persons had been engaged in animated conversation on the crosswalk at Twenty-seventh street on the west side of Broadway, when this man, who carried himself erect, and who would ordinarily be taken for an actor out of an engagement, strolled along, and suddenly, as he reached the trio, he stopped, deftly pushed the foot of one of them a little to one side, picked up a silver coin, rubbed it lovingly on the sleeve of his overcoat and slipped it into his pocket.

"Yes," continued the officer, "this is the 'finder's' beat for the shopping hours down as far as Union square. There are three of them I know of, one quite an elderly man, but this chap is a dandy, for he never gives his business away by his looks. See, he walks as straight as a major, and while his eyes are cast down they are covering the ground over a hundred feet ahead of him. He has wonderfully sharp eyesight—an eagle eye, we might say—and he never lets anything get by him."

The officer's remarks had interested the writer in the personality of this man as well as in his queer line of business. Later in the evening he was found comparing notes with a blind beggar in a Sixth avenue cigar store.

"My profession," said he, with a decided inflection upon the latter word, "is, as far as I am concerned, entirely original with me, but I find there are many in the same line. I was always a finder. I remember when I was a kid in dresses I found one day in front of a neighboring drug store in Albany a $5 goldpiece. I did not know its value, but took it home, and my father put it in the bank for me.

"My next find of importance was a 2 foot, ivory, gold mounted rule, which belonged to a big contractor on the new capitol building. This my father returned to its owner, as his name was engraved upon it, and I got another V as a reward.

"Then I found a big diamond brooch belonging to a woman of sporting proclivities, and she swelled my bank account with $25 more. My luck kept on until my head was swelled with success, and I wanted a large field to operate in.

"Then a friend of mine said to me, 'Jim, you are so good at picking up things, suppose you try picking out the winners in the horse races.' That, I thought, was a lead pipe cinch, and I drew my wad from the savings bank, and we jumped on the boat for New York. My first experience at picking winners was a failure, and in a week I was flat broke.

"I sent back to Albany for money," he went on, "but the old gentleman was not disposed to supplying me heavily when he found that I was cleaned out here. However, he sent me $20 and a ticket home. The latter I sold, for I didn't intend to show up at home broke. I then took up 'finding' as a profession, and I have never struck the old man, or, in fact, anybody else for a cent since. My business, I know, is a precarious one, but I somehow never get in a hole but I pull out with a big find.

"Do I ever get into trouble for not returning property to its rightful owners? Well, I should say not. I have made three times as much money returning property as I have made selling finds. Why, it's the trick of my profession. The law of finding was established nearly 135 years ago, before the king's bench in England, under these circumstances, which I know by heart:

"A man found a pocketbook containing a sum of money on the floor of a butcher's stall. He handed it to the butcher to return it to its owner. After three years' waiting the owner had not turned up, and the finder therefore demanded the money from the butcher. The latter refused, on the ground that it was found upon his premises.

"Then the finder sued the butcher, and it was held in court that the finder was entitled to anything he found, no matter where or when, against all the world except the owner. The law in this country is the same, excepting that owners of hotels, theaters, railroads and steamboats can make regulations in regard to property found on their premises which will bind their employees, but not the public at large.

"What is my beat? Well, that's telling. However, I don't mind saying a word about the hours and the character of the beat. Sometimes, if things are slow, I get up early and work the fattest flight of stairs on the Sixth avenue elevated. This is good for pennies, nickels and dimes, but not for anything else.

"When the stairs are crowded passengers, if they drop a cent after buying a paper or looking for fares, don't stop to pick it up.

"After this I work in front of big stores. Most every carriage door opener in front of them knows me and hates me, for I interfere with their incomes as much as with those of the porters who sweep the stairs of the L stations. But they have to attend to their business, and their eyes are not nearly as well trained as mine are.

"This locality is good for dimes, quarters, halves and occasionally even a goldpiece. It is also the place to pick up pocketbooks, breastpins, hatpins, gold hairpins, button and glove hooks, chatelaines, keys, bangles and often bracelets, finger rings and earrings.

"Afternoons see me on Broadway. If it is Saturday, I am for a harvest. This is the great day for nearly everything, but gentlemen's watch charms are the main stay. This is doubly so when it is not overcoat time. You see, the crowd is so dense that men, anxious to get on the inside, where the ladies passing can see them, rub up against each other and thus detach the watch ornaments.

"When the crowd is at its height, I get into a sort of space or clearing and try to keep there. Then I stand a show for a good pair of opera glasses and a lot of lace handkerchiefs, with an occasional pocketbook.

"At night the best field for operations is outside of the theaters, and then come the gutters. Lots of coins are dropped below the curbstone by people getting into cabs."—New York News.

The Need of Caution.

The need of caution in the use of certain remedies is underestimated. Indeed they who warn are often ridiculed. Yet no less a man than the eminent scientist Tyndall died from an overdose of chloral. —Housekeeper.

Big Corns.

Customer (to chiropodist)—What is your charge for removing corns?

Chiropodist—Half a guinea a foot.

Customer—Hang it all, man, you don't suppose I've got 'em so big as all that!—London Judy.

Too Warm.

Borus (struggling author)—Naggus, I always thought you were a warm friend of mine.

Naggus (literary editor)—Borus, I am. That's why I roasted your book.

KINGS AT THE TABLE.

What Some of the European Rulers Eat and How Often—Plain Fare.

The delicacies upon the tables of the crowned heads of Europe have always exercised a potent charm upon the imaginations of those who have never sat at their sides. But the pictures of the "fleshpots of Egypt," conjured up by the fancy, often widely differ from the reality. Simplicity reigns at many courts.

Among all the European rulers the table of the emperor of Austria, although he himself is extremely temperate in eating and drinking, is the richest and best served. King Humbert of Italy, however, might almost be called a vegetarian, as he lives almost entirely upon fruit and vegetables. He drinks only Bordeaux wine mixed with water. But the most temperate of all the earth's potentates is Pope Leo XIII. His breakfast, which he is accustomed to eat after mass, consists of coffee and milk alone. At noon the aged ruler of the church eats two eggs, a small piece of chicken, as a rule, and some fruit. He drinks at the same time a glass of Bordeaux. On fast days fish and maccaroni are substituted for the chicken. From dinnertime until bedtime the pope takes no nourishment with the exception of a bit of bread dipped in milk.

A better eater is the emperor of Russia. Even at breakfast tea, eggs, ham and beef must be placed on his table. At luncheon, which is eaten about 11 o'clock, the czar takes bouillon with egg, mutton chops and cold game. As a rule at this meal he drinks three cups of strong coffee. At 2 o'clock he eats a dish of milk and rice. Dinner is served at 6 o'clock. It is a hearty meal after the French pattern. Before going to bed he stills the pangs of hunger with tea and coffee. Queen Victoria prefers Scotch dishes, and the queen regent of Spain remains true to the Austrian cooking, being especially fond of Vienna bread.

Emperor William II is a heavy eater. He prefers nourishing dishes, however, to the refined examples of the cook's art. After the warming bath he is served with an English breakfast, consisting of tea, bread, eggs in some form, cotellette, beefsteak, etc. His lunch, usually eaten alone, is also rich. He takes at this time soup, meats, vegetables, roast and sweets. Dinner is announced at 5 o'clock. At this meal the empress and chance guests help the emperor in whiling away the time. It does not consist usually of more dishes than the other meals, but great care is taken in selecting them. The empress often makes up the bill of fare herself, and tries to choose the favorite dishes of her husband. If the emperor has taken much exercise during the day a light meal is eaten late at night. Tea and cold meats at least are always ready. His majesty is extremely fond of "bowle" or punch, seldom taking beer. His favorite wines are Moselle and Rhine wines.—Exchange.

Human Virus.

The constantly recurring question of vaccination has brought into doubtful repute the continued use of the bovine virus for the operation. Results of many thousand cases show that the humanized virus is superior to the bovine, for in the latter there is always much uncertainty, and frequent failures are generally the rule. The question of tuberculosis appears again in this matter. Despite the great care by those who have vaccine farms, it is pretty evident that some animals are employed that have latent tuberculosis, and the vaccine virus obtained from them must be anything but safe. Poisoning cases from vaccination in children are quite common, and the trouble comes from the virus used. Sometimes it is due to the constitution of the one treated.

If a weakly child inherits some constitutional trouble the vaccination will generally irritate it and bring it to the surface. While the bovine virus is not perfectly safe owing to this latent tuberculosis, it is also true that the human virus is frequently tainted. But the human being can be diagnosed and examined better than the bovine, so that people can be selected who are entirely free from all taint and disease. The humanized virus obtained from such people would be perfectly safe. The typical method of vaccinating by the new mode is to puncture the vesicle and transfer a small portion of the lymph to the abraded spot on the arm of another child. Very little bad results from such humanized virus.—Yankee Blade.

Where Smoking Is a Sin.

Palgrave, in his interesting book describing his journey to the sacred city of Mecca, gives an amusing account of his conversation with a mollah.

On asking the reverend gentleman which he considered the most deadly of all sins the holy man replied:

"Smoking the shameful."

"And next, O son of the prophet?"

"Drinking."

"Are these the two greatest sins, father?"

"Verily, my son."

"And murder?"

"Ah, that's nothing—nothing. It's forgivable."

"And stealing?"

"Ah, that's forgivable too."

"But smoking?"

"It is the unforgivable crime," replied the mollah sternly, and looking keenly at the fictitious Mohammedan.

And this is the Afghan's creed. Murder and theft are forgivable crimes, but for smoking and drinking there is no redemption.

When to Use Postal Cards.

Nowadays people seem to have no time for real correspondence, which should be in every household and family one of the most interesting elements. A postal card or a brief note seems to suffice for the most important occasion, and the increased postal facilities make this sort of "dispatch" business easier. And here it may be said that you should never write a letter to a friend or a stranger on a postal card. When you notify the ice man that your mother will need an extra quantity of ice on the morrow, or the coal dealer that the cellar needs refilling, you may use a postal card, for this is a convenience to the ice man and coal dealer, but avoid postal cards for anything but the very simplest and least private of messages.—Harper's Young People.

Fast Trains and Fast Ships.

The speed of our fastest ocean steamers is now greater than that of the express trains on Italian railways. Express trains in Russia rarely travel faster than twenty-two miles an hour. These are very slow expresses indeed to ours, yet a railway guard assures us that the fastest trains are always the safest.—Chambers' Journal.

A Tremendous Loss of Life.

The greatest number of people ever killed by an earthquake since the dawn of history was 190,000. The date of the terrible disaster was 1703 and the scene of the most violent disturbance at Yeddo, Japan, and vicinity.—St. Louis Republic.

When a Japanese audience wish to express disapproval of a play, they silently turn around and sit with their backs to the stage. If this be done by a considerable number, the curtain promptly descends.

The number of religious sects entered by the registrar general at Somerset House in 1873 as having places of worship in England was 125. Since that time they have more than doubled.

A wise old saw says, "The door to success is labeled 'Push.'" In these days, however, many people think it requires a "pull" to get that door open.

THE TREE ON THE TOWER.

A Mountain Ash Becomes Through Necessity a Veritable Air Plant.

The front wall of the First Universalist church in Utica, N. Y., is constructed of sandstone and Trenton limestone, and was built about forty years ago. At the two angles of the facade there are two Norman turrets forty-five feet high, surmounted with the usual notched battlements. Just below these are plain, flat cornices projecting from the main walls about twenty inches and not over eighteen inches in thickness. On the flat top of one of these ledges, and from a joint in the masonry not more than three-fourths of an inch wide, there has been growing for nearly thirty years a mountain ash, or Scotch "rowan tree," which is now sixteen feet high and about seven or eight feet across the expansion of the branches, of which there are so many and so dense that they make the tree appear bushlike.

The ash is perfectly healthy, and for several years past has borne crops of scarlet berries. As already stated, the joint on the ledge from which the tree grows is not more than three-quarters of an inch wide. The bole of the main stem, just immediately above the surface, is five inches in diameter. There is no accumulation of matter on the ledge to form a soil or to retain any moisture.

Of course the tree is not as large as one of the same age would be growing the same length of time in good soil on the ground, but the wonder is how does the plant, growing out of that dry mortared chink, ever sustain life, especially during the summer heat up there, as it is on a ledge forty feet above the street and not on a crumbling ruin, but on a dry, solid stone cornice, attached to a close jointed dimension stone, well built tower wall. Then, too, the question may be asked of the scientist: "How do the radicals of that plant find the soluble potash and phosphoric acid so indispensable to its very existence? And from whence does it get the mineral elements which enter into the composition of all arboreal growth?"

Is there not here also evidence that our plant takes in its absolutely necessary nitrogen in the same manner as it does its carbon—i. e., through its foliage and from the air only? For there can be but little if any decomposed mortar in the chinks below the plant on that projecting cornice of not more than eighteen inches thickness, into the small interstices between the stones of which the superficial roots of our plant can penetrate. We are taught that in such a dry pabulum devoid of vegetable matter there can be no bacterial nitrification. At any rate, on a mere ledge of masonry at that altitude is growing a healthy exotic tree, rich in foliage and fruit, defying zero weather in winter, tropical heats in summer and never drooping during the most distressing droughts. — Country Gentleman.

Witty Reply of a Priest.

What a diverting scene was that when a certain witty Irish priest was invited to a breakfast by Mr. G——, then in power, to meet a strange gathering of "thinkers," advanced and others, to whom, in his quiet, but none the less effective, style, he addressed his pleasant rallyings.

Of a sudden the great man, with one of those curious turns to which he is partial, amid all the laughter became grave and preternaturally solemn. Lowering his voice into conspiracy tones, as though big with some coming revelation, he said, mysteriously:

"What will you say to this, Father H——, when I tell you that on my last visit to Italy I saw on the door of the Church of St. Agnes, etc., a table of indulgences, and actually saw written up there a remission of 1,000 years of punishment on payment of one franc?"

Every one bent forward to listen. True, there was no apropos, but here the divine was likely to be "cornered." With that intensity of tone which is characteristic of the eminent statesman he went on:

"Yes, Father H——, I saw it with my own eyes. A thousand years for a single franc! What do you say to that?"

"What do I say?" said the padre, gayly, "why, I say it was dirt cheap! What more would you want for your money?"

The roar of laughter at this unexpected sally may be imagined.—Gentleman's Magazine.

"The Jerks."

The most remarkable manifestation of the great religious movement which swept over this country just before the war of 1812 was the physical and nervous disorder known as "the jerks." The jerks took their name from the fact that the arms and legs would be thrown about apparently by a force beyond control of the individual. The disorder was epidemic in Tennessee. A slave owner, a man of great wealth and prominence and irreligious, called his slaves together one Sunday morning, when a camp meeting was in progress near by, and announced his deliberate intention of horsewhipping any one of their number who took the jerks. "It is all imagination," he said, "and I'll whip any one of you that takes it within an inch of his life." He went to camp meeting, and while conversing with a friend in the outskirts of the ground was told that one of his negroes had the jerks. Seizing his horsewhip he hastened toward the spot, and when half way was himself seized by the jerks.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Circulation of the Blood.

Harvey's right to be considered the discoverer of the circulation of the blood has been disputed—not with much success, but now the circulation of the blood is itself disputed by a Dr. F. Jezek, of Berlin—that is, so far as concerns the heart being the central motive power. His view is that the action of the lungs during inspiration and expiration causes an alternating diminution and increase of the caliber of the pulmonary vessels, so that the blood is pressed into the left side of the heart and the arteries from the air distended lung. He asserts that the pulse wave does not depend on the action of the heart, which is merely passively distended and relaxed. The matter is noteworthy as an instance of learning gone wrong, and is on a par with the flat earth heresy.—English Mechanic.

No Misers in Burmah.

When a Burman has earned a little money he immediately proceeds to spend it all, for the Burmese have no ambition to be rich and never hoard. Consequently there are no large landowners, and there being no aristocracy the people are as near being on an equality as possible. Poor people are quite as rare as rich people, and the only beggars to be met with are the lepers, who sit on the steps of the pagodas. Should a Burman find himself in possession of a large sum of money he builds a pagoda, and possibly a zayat, or resthouse. If any money still remains he gives a theatrical performance.—Fortnightly Review.

Looking for an Office.

An elderly woman stopped a gentleman in the city hall corridor yesterday and asked the way to the district eternity's office.—Buffalo Courier.

Henry IV of France had for his wedding feast young swans, fat puddings, sucking pigs, rabbits, sturgeon, almond cream and fritters.

Some men can endure almost anything, but many of the most ambitious and excitable run great risks.

The first newspaper devoted mainly to advertisements and commercial news appeared in 1657.

A little tungsten added to pure aluminium, it is said, obviates all difficulty from attacks by water, salt or otherwise.